

To be delivered this Evening
11 o'clock

1072

A
GRATULATORY
O D E,
ON
HIS MAJESTY'S
HAPPY RECOVERY.

WRITTEN BY
Mr. CRESSWICK,
AND RECITED BY HIM, AT HIS
PUBLIC READINGS,
IN
HART-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

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Bt from P. Murray Hill (Oct 65/11
(8)

A. A. D. E.

IN CELEBRATION OF
SIR MAJESTY'S HAPPY RECOVERY



HOW long, most mighty Power, yet how long
is the famous scene
that in the famous scene
The Males harmony
their f...
Of time, and of innocence
Which
and worthy deeds at once excite and please
To gather hearts about the good and great
and affecting rage, and more affecting rage

An O D E,

IN CELEBRATION OF

HER MAJESTY'S HAPPY RECOVERY.

HOW just, most mighty Pow'r! yet how severe
Is thy supreme decree,
That impious men shall joyless hear
The Muses' harmony!
Their sacred Songs (the recompence
Of virtue, and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raise,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief,
But add afflicting rage, and more afflicting grief.

From Heav'n alone all good proceeds;
 To heavenly minds belong
 All ardent love of good and gracious deeds,
 And sense of sacred song!
 And thus, most pleasing are the Muses' lays
 To them who merit most her praise;
 Wherefore for thee, Great GEORGE, her lyre she strings
 And soars with rapture while she sings.
 Whether affairs of most important weight
 Require thy aiding hand,
 And Britain's cause, or Britain's state,
 Thy serious thoughts demand;
 Whether thy days and nights be spent
 In cares, on public good intent;
 Or whether leisure hours invite
 To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
 In Courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
 For thee the lyre be tun'd, the song inspir'd.
 When by affliction thou wert late oppress'd,
 Pending to heav'n, we breath'd our ardent pray'r
 For thy returning health; 't lent an ear,
 And kindly granted our sincere request;
 With heav'nly pity it beheld our grief,
 And graciously afforded us relief.

God of health and happy days,
 Long may he live to celebrate thy praise!
 Reanimate his strength, his mind to cheer,
 And call from every eye the grateful tear.
 Let all thy tuneful Sons adorn
 Their lasting songs with GEORGE'S name;
 Let chosen Muses, yet unborn,
 Take his virtues for their future theme:
 Eternal structures let them raise,
 In GEORGE'S, and his Consort's praise;
 Nor want new subject for the song,
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
 Till nature's music lies unstrung.
 Long to their lot may ev'ry blessing flow,
 That roseate health, and virtue can bestow!

Long may the Sire inculcate to the Son
 Bright lessons of a good, and great renown;
 That GEORGE'S glory still may live,
 When all that present art can give,
 The pillar'd marble, and the sculptur'd bust,
 Shall mould'ring drop to parent dust!
 And in the Son, Great Britain's joyous pride,
 Be ev'ry virtue of the Sire descry'd!

Still

Still may his virtues with his years increase,
And all his future days be crown'd with peace!

May the race that advances (we cannot wish more)
Be what were their Sire and Mother before;
May the life of the parent revive in the child,
Like nature, when first on creation she smil'd.

And if a Deity these numbers guide,
And o'er the verse his mighty pow'r preside,
That pow'r we still invoke to bless this land!
Let Britain's sons firm and united stand,
And in their country's cause go hand in hand, }
May smiling peace her olive branch extend,
Till time shall be no more, and life shall end.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours,
Such as with watchful care have guarded
Princes and Kings from harms and fears,
Such as with blessings have rewarded
Virtuous Monarchs pious cares.

peace,
h peace!

arch them again in fair array,
nd bid them form the happy day,
he happy day—Oh! may it wait,
n Britain's Prince, and Britain's state;
Let the happy day be crown'd
ith great event, and bliss on earth;
No brighter in the year be found,
han that which gave this Son of Britain birth.

! }
d.

res,

F I N I S

V. LANYON,
Pennare, Cliff Road,
Paignton, S. Devon.

C I X I V

